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Songs and Poems

By

Marcellus Tenney



Winterport, Maine

1915

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no,

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J. F. R.

PREFACE.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

In presenting these poems I must say I do so with regret, as I never intended to have them published. But having friends who thought they saw something in them worthy of being printed, they urged me until I gave my consent.

Hoping some way in this little book there may be words that will find a place in the hearts of my dear readers, that will gladden their lives while here and will give them hope of the glorious world beyond.

MARCELLUS TENNEY.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

(TUNE— I SEE HER STILL IN MY DREAMS.)

When my soul's filled with gladness,
And heart full and warm,
I will sing of my Savior
A glad, joyful song.
Of His love and His kindness
He's shown unto me,
By the sad cruel death,
That He died on the tree.

Chorus.

He's pleading still there for thee,
He's pleading still there for thee.
Though your sins may be as crimson,
He will wash you white as snow.
Though the pathway is broken,
And dangers appear,
Put your trust in the Lord,
And you've nothing to fear.
For His word, it is given
To all who are brave,
By the power of His spirit,
He's mighty to save.

THE WONDERFUL LIBERATOR.

(TUNE— SAD TO BE LOCKED UP IN PRISON.)

We are glad we can call on the Savior,
When our hearts are so dreary and sad;
He will banish our sorrows forever,
And make us rejoice and be glad.

Chorus.

All praise to our King,
Come let our voices ring
And shout so we all can be heard
Hallelujah, to Jesus forever,
Who won us to Him by His word.

He is truer to us than a brother,
And knows all about what we need ;
He will come when we've lost our dear mother,
And show us what a friend He is indeed.

When we pass o'er the rough stormy Jordan,
Our Savior is sure to be there,
He will strengthen, and bear every burden,
And give us all His kind and tender care.

Our loved ones are waiting to meet us,
When we come to the bright, crystal land,
The angels will sing as they greet us,
When we meet in the blessed Eden land.

THE TREE MICE.

Yes, I was sorry for the crime,
For so it seemed to me that time.
Those handsome darlings, six in number,
Running around amongst the lumber.
It was my hands which did the deed,
That brought those little ones to need.

Without home and without food,
Wanders now the homeless brood.
But there's nothing can be done,
I cannot help them, no not one;

For they with fright have run and hid,
To starve and die, but God forbid.

Some times I hope that they have friends,
To welcome them to their warm dens,
That have laid up abundant store,
And will not turn them from their door.
Now all of this would be so nice,
For these poor homeless, long-tail mice.

THE DAY OF REJOICING.

We gladly hail this bright June day,
A chosen one for childrens's play;
We'll ramble now through fields and bowers,
And gather in the fragrant flowers.
All nature's clothed in rich attire,
And we her beauty all admire.

So let us lay all cares away,
With gladdened hearts we'll sing all day
Of Him who made these flowers and springs,
And all these other pretty things.
Our hearts are full of love and praise,
To God who gives these blessed days.

I hope, my child, you'll never know,
Of sorrow, or of bitter woe.
But if you should you'll find a friend,
Our Savior will your case defend;
Your soul with love He then will fill,
By His kind words of "Peace be still."

CALLING THE LOVED ONES HOME.

(TUNE—TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.)

We are thinking tonight, of our Savior's love,
It gives our hearts good cheer;
And while we're trusting in His Word
We've nothing more to fear.
Burdened one tonight, give your heart to the Lord,
Come and no longer wait,
Come and share the blessed prize,
Before it is too late.

Chorus.

Calling tonight, calling tonight,
Calling the loved ones home.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Dear friends and school-mates, one and all,
I come to greet you with a call,
I claim you as my dearest friends;
My dreams of love on you depend.
I am here tonight to hear and see
All about the Christmas tree.

My heart is filled with pure delight
To hear you welcome me tonight;
And as the presents are passed around
I hope no one will here be found,
Who has no friend to give something,
A kindly word, or else a ring.

Dearer to me than all beside,
Is my friends' love which I have tried.
Now comes a vision from above,

A choice of pleasure, hope and love.
Lord, let these united be
My pleasure is to live with thee.

ELLINGWOOD'S CORNER, W. C. T. U. CRUSADE
SONG.

(TUNE—COLUMBIA THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.)

We are banded together in union
Our purpose we'll bravely pursue,
Though a legion of foes may defy us,
To our cause we will ever prove true.
We will die at our post if 'tis needful;
And our motto, it ever shall be,
Do away with the rum and it's traffic,
'Til our land from the curse shall be free.

Chorus.

'Til our land from the curse shall be free,
'Til our land from the curse shall be free,
Do away with rum and its traffic,
'Til our land from the curse shall be free.

With a man at the head of the nation,
Who will justly enforce righteous laws,
We will praise him who gave us the victory,
That will surely redound to the cause.
Give way, let us share in the voting,
For we know that our cause it is right,
Then a shout will be heard through the nation,
Three cheers! we have won in the fight.

Chorus.

Three cheers! we have won in the fight,
Three cheers! we have won in the fight,

Then a shout will be heard through the nation,
Three cheers! we have won in the fight.

We will ever be found at our duty,
Though danger and storm may betide,
No need to be fearful of danger,
For we know we have God on our side,
Move on sister workers, be social,
'Til you're called to receive your reward,
"You've been faithful in all I have told you,
Come share in the joy of your Lord."

Chorus.

Come share in the joy of your Lord,
Come share in the joy of your Lord,
You've been faithful in all I have told you,
Come share in the joy of your Lord.

TO LOTTIE.

(TO MY DAUGHTER LOTTIE, JAN. 1, 1898.)

These lines to you, my darling one,
Who has life's journey just begun,
Are from the one who loves you dear,
To guide your steps this new-born year.

The first great step of life depends,
On whom you choose to be your friends,
The one true friend whom you can trust,
Is Christ the Savior, Lord the just.

Be sure and put your trust in Him,
Whose life was pure and without sin;
So let his life your pattern be,
And a true friend He'll be to thee.

You surely must repent, my dear,
Before the way will be made clear
For you to share that peaceful rest,
He gives to those who love Him best.

Now go to him in secret prayer,
And tell to Him your every care;
He gladly will your sins forgive,
And show thee how this life to live.

So sweet child, think of what I've said,
And when at night you go to bed
Pray, Lord I lay me down to sleep,
And help me thy commands to keep.

ODE TO FLIP,—THE PET DOG.

There's one who's taken from the group
At whose call we'd gladly stoop;
If once more we could behold,
His presence with us as of old.
No matter at what time of day
He was there for fun and play.
However hard we pulled his ears,
He bore it patient, without tears;
And when his curls were in a muss,
If straightened, he would make no fuss.
To cut his hair I'd nip a mite,
He seldom then would ever bite.
If you boxed his ears to reprimand,
He'd always turn and lick your hand;
And when at table we would sip,

We always heard the voice of Flip.
But now he's gone to his long rest,
Of all good dogs he was the best.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

There's a blessed day a coming,
It's been told by men of old,
When the Savior, He shall come from above;
Then the hidden things of darkness
Shall be opened and revealed,
And the saved ones have a share in his love.

Chorus.

He is coming to his own,
Soon we'll be gathered home;
To share our Savior's love
In his blessed home above,
By the river and the tree of life.

Are you looking for his coming?
Can you see the time is near
When the trumpet of the Lord shall be heard?
Our reward to us he'll bring,
Precious Christ, our Savior, King;
For He's plainly told it to us in His Word.

Are your lamps all trimmed and burning,
Are they filled up to the brim?
Have you the witness promised you within?
Are you sure you name is there
On the pages white and fair?
Where the record of the faithful ones are kept.

A blessed satisfaction
Will be ours when Jesus comes,
He will banish every tear and pain away;
We will shout His praise in glory,
And we'll sing the glad new song,
When we meet Him on that holy, blessed day.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

(A CHRISTMAS CAROL)

In Bethlehem long time ago,
A little babe was born.
Wise shepherds saw a brilliant star,
Before the break of morn;
They followed on until the star
Appeared as light as day,
It's dazzling rays were shining on
A babe upon the hay.

Chorus.

Praise, praise the Lord,
Redemption now has come,
To all who dwell upon the earth,
The old as well as young,
Praise, praise the Lord,
This Christmas time will bring,
A blessed joy to every heart,
That trusts our new born king.

While they stood gazing on the child
With wonder and surprise,
A band of angels sang a hymn,
Above them in the skies,

The heavenly chorus that they sang
Was plainly heard by them;
They loudly chanted "Peace on earth,"
And then "Good-will to men."

By this the wise-men knew at once
That they had found the One,
The promised Savior of the world;
It was God's only Son.

The presents then they gave to Him,
That they had kept so long;
Then kneeling down, they praised Him there
With heartfelt prayer and song.

This little babe became a man,
A King and then a Lord;
Today He's pleading for us here
At the right hand of God.

So let us all commence this day
A righteous life to live,
And when we get to Jesus' home,
Eternal life He'll give.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LOSS OF THE OLD CHURCH AT EAST DIXMONT.

High upon a Dixmont hill,
Secure from sound of car or mill,
Stood that grand old-fashioned church
Where oft we met, God's word to search;
From sacred altar, pulpit, pews,
God's servants met to tell their views,
And laud with praise God's holy Son,
Who died to save us every one.

More than sixty years have fled,
Which seem so short, though most are dead,
Since those brave ones who did their best
To build the church. They knew no rest,
But labored on from morn till night
With faith in God, they knew 'twas right.
When lo! one day that lofty steeple
Was raised in triumph by God's people.
Then came the dedication day,
When all could shout, and sing and pray;
And from their labors claim reward
By singing praises to their God;
Who gave them such a blessed place,
Where they could claim God's peace and grace;
And sing His praises loud and long,
With exhortations, prayer and song.
Scores of brave soldiers of the Lord
Which sure shall reach that great reward,
Have watched and prayed, God's Word defended,
Which made some glad, some sore offended.
Although on earth their labor's done,
It's good effect has just begun,
So let us pray, Lord give us grace
And patient hearts to run the race.
God's servants,—Allen, Rigby, others
With many praying Christian mothers,
Have shown the world what can be done
By trusting in that holy One,
Who lived and died this world to save,
And rose triumphant from the grave
And went to heaven to prepare
A place for his dear children there.

That house of God which long has stood,
Where souls were saved and men made good,
Was doomed one day no more to be—
It's spire no longer we should see,
Nor hear that grand old ringing bell
We'd learned to love to hear so well;
But sure must go the way of earth
Until another should have birth.

Our pastor told of God's great love,
He gives His children from above;
And if they His face would see
They surely must united be.
"Meeting again, tonight, at seven,"
I'll point the way from earth to heaven;"
And they went forth with hearts all glad,
But ah! How soon they were made sad.

Ere it was time to ring the bell,
There came a most unearthly yell,
A cry was heard from son to sire;
"Behold, our church is all on fire."
Too late, there is no time to save
The house from its untimely grave.
This hallowed place will be
A modern Gethsemane.

UNFRUITFUL TREE.

Our hearts are sad as you go forth,
To fell that grand old tree,
Which sheltered us from noonday sun,
We shall no longer see

Those buds in spring that bursted forth,
To leaves of shady green;
That crimson hue which autumn brings
No longer can be seen.

Chorus.

Day by day, and hour by hour,
We've sought its shade together;
It seems a dream that from this scene,
We must now part forever.

My friends, I gladly would desist,
And spare that grand old tree,
But God's command must be obeyed
Whatever they may be.
He tells us plainly in His Word
Unfruitful trees hew down,
Its withered branches bear no fruit,
Why cumbereth it the ground?

From this a lesson let us learn,
Our lives are as a tree;
No matter whether good or bad,
A witness they must be.
So let us try our very best,
God's children all to be,
And bring forth fruit a hundred fold,
And not a worthless tree.

Chorus.

Day by day, and hour by hour,
Beneath the cross we'll gather;
All praise to Him, our Savior, King;
Shall be our song forever.

I AM GOING HOME.

Come and listen to my story,
Of that land so bright and fair,
Made by Jesus up in glory :
He is pleading for us there.
Its tall spires seen from the mountains,
Shine with pearls and precious stones,
Pure as crystal is the fountain,
That proceeds from God's great throne.

Chorus.

I am going home, I am going home,
Going home to die no more,
Going home to dwell with Jesus,
On that bright and happy shore,
Would you share that gold-paved city
With it's gates that shine as glass?
Come to Him who'll show you pity,
And obtain the holy pass.
Every one is now invited
To that bright and happy home;
Sinners all, and no one slighted,
Comes the call from Jesus' throne.
When the time for my departure
To that bright and golden shore,
If needs be I'll be a martyr,
Praise the Lord forever more.
Sinners come and do not tarry,
Will you come, we ask once more,
He is able ALL to carry
To that bright and happy shore.

THE CHILD'S CONVERSION, OR A SOUL IN ITS
EARLIEST LOVE.

(TUNE.—PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED.)

Oh! Mother dear! I come to tell you
Of what I saw and heard last night,
While looking from my chamber window
I saw the star so clear and bright.
A form which seemed to glow with splendor,
With face so sad and eyes so mild,
Spoke forth these words which were so tender,
Come unto me, thou blessed child.

Chorus.

Come dear one, come, come unto me;
And I will hold your aching head,
With my strong arms I'll gently hold thee,
And God will surely give thee bread.
So mother, when I saw the vision,
I knew of nothing I could say;
So while I thought what I might answer
His precious form had passed away.
I never shall forget His kind words,
Or that sweet peace within my breast,
And the last word before He vanished,
Come to me, child, and thou shalt rest.
My precious child, you saw no vision,
But our dear Savior came to you;
He came to claim you for His own, dear,
And what he said is all quite true.
So now, my dear, do not forsake Him,
But come to Him in humble prayer,

He'll smooth your path and make you happy,
While you are trusting in his care.

Chorus to 3rd verse.

Come unto Him, come while you are young,
He surely wants you for his own,
Through all your life He will be with you,
And when you die He'll take you home.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

Back in a quiet woodland town,
Where nature's beauty doth abound;
A bower of splendor meets your eyes,
It is an earthly Paradise.

While traveling there some years ago,
I found this was a place of woe;
Within its wooded pools and ground
A horrid curse was to be found.

The ground was barren, dry and sear,
No sound of birds greeted your ear;
The pools were filthy, full of slime,
The woodland cheerless all the time,

A deep ravine ran through the hills,
With low, dark caves and murky rills;
It seemed at best a very hell,
A place where demons loved to dwell,

At night when darkness all surrounds,
From those deep caves came horrid sounds;
They came from Satan and his band,
A wicked crowd from demon-land.

While looking on this accursed place,
Naught could I see but shame, disgrace;
My mind was fixed,—through toil and strife,
I'll change this place from death to life.

At first my faith was very small,
But duty seemed on me to call;
There stood a hill of sand and loam,
The very thing to bury gloom.

Fixed was my purpose, just the cause,
I'll change this place by nature's laws;
I'll fill the caverns, pools and rills,
With sand and loam from yonder hills.

Then all equipped with horses, mules,
And men supplied with proper tools,
Each cave, ravine and murky rill,
We soon with loam began to fill.

From early morn 'til late at night,
We labored on with all our might,
Until one day with joy we found
The place was changed to level ground.

To cultivate that new made soil,
With all my might I then did toil;
Then in the center made a fountain,
With pure spring water from the mountain.

I made selections of pure seeds;
There were no tares, there were no weeds;
The fountain, walks and all the bowers,
Were just a lovely bed of flowers.

Then came the birds from every clime,
And sang sweet words all in a rhyme;
Then all exclaimed in glad surprise,
"A change from Death to Paradise!"

I oft look back with fond delight,
See in my life a place all bright;
When Jesus came with me to reign,
And cleansed my heart from every stain.

While traveling through this sin-cursed world,
With powerful aim old Satan whirled
A poisonous spear that peirced my heart,
Then from God's laws I did depart.

My soul was numb, now all was drear,
No sound of heaven filled my ear;
I chose a life of vice and sin,
Then quickly Satan took me in.

My heart was then the dwelling-place,
Of thoughts and deeds that bring disgrace;
This is all true, it is no dream,
And Satan now did reign supreme.

At night, with places filled with sin,
With brain all fired with poisoned gin,
Loud oaths, vile songs, with deeds of shame,
From that spot in torrents came.

While thinking on this sin-cursed life,
Filled with disgrace and bitter strife;
There came a voice which seemed to say,
"Come hither soul, I am the WAY."

At first it seemed so very dark,
So faint the glimmer, dull the spark,

But soon there came from Zion's hill,
The voice of Jesus, "Peace, be still."

My mind was fixed, I knew 'twas right,
I'll take the step this very night;
I will go back to Father's home,
No more with Satan will I roam.

God's faithful servants gave me cheer,
As I toiled on I knew no fear;
I then obeyed and did His will,
Then quickly He my soul did fill.

God's Holy Spirit then I sought,
Which by his precious blood was bought,
When, Lo, one morn to me it came,
With power and Pentecostal flame.

My life was then a life of love,
Filled with God's Spirit from above;
The blood of Jesus then did flow,
And made my heart as white as snow,

My soul was lifted far from earth,
As I received that spirit birth;
With praises loud I then did sing,
Of Christ my Savior, Lord and King.

'Then came that blessed life of peace,
That gave such joy, 'twill never cease;
'Twill always live, it never dies,
It finds it's home in Paradise.

THE HEART.

Connecting link 'twixt God and man ;
 We fail as yet to understand,
But as we read His precious Word,
 We know through Him our hearts are stirred.
Enclosed securely in a net,
 God knows it's there, He don't forget,
He will protect the part He gave,
 And save it from the cruel grave.
Secure in Him our lives are hid,
 Don't have that changed, God forbid ;
Let us obey our Lord's request,
 Then trust in him, He'll do the rest.
With patience now we calmly wait,
 Come angels, guide us through the gate,
The secrets there so long concealed,
 Will to our vision be revealed.

PEACE.

Two nations filled with bitter strife,
Each one intent on taking life,
Were long engaged in cruel war,
With no intention to withdraw.
With all the means at their command,
They strove their best on sea or land,
All subtle ways they did employ
To rob their foes and life destroy.
Those fierce old kings met in the fight,
And rushing forth with armor bright,

One made a rush and plunged his dart
Straight through his adversary's heart.

This nation now was pained and sore,
As from the field their king they bore;
Still in his teens, young Hezekiah
Adorned the crown worn by his sire.

The people loved their youthful king,
And oft his praises they would sing.
They asked of him to make a choice
Of what would make his heart rejoice.

Dear people, as you all agree,
I'll tell you now what it shall be,
My choice will be a mammoth bell,
That I may ring when all is well.

The bell was made, securely hung,
So all could hear when it was rung;
It hung in silence through the years,
No sound was heard to greet their ears.

This other nation blind with rage,
No words of reason could assuage,
And bound no grudge to them release,
They never came to terms of peace.

The years rolled by, the king was old,
Just one great theme his mind controlled;
He did his best peace to restore,
And prayed that war should be no more.

At length his poor old heart was broke,
And rising up these words he spoke:
"Dear Savior, listen to my cry,
O, give me peace before I die."

A great commotion at the door,
His page rushed in, a parchment bore,
Within it's folds was the decree
Of peace restored and all set free.

The grand old king rose up in bed,
He raised his hand above his head,
He rang the bell before their eyes,
Then entered into Paradise.

PEACE VERSUS WAR.

A country in an eastern land,
Where dwelt a happy Christian band;
Seems as we look, to be the place
Intended for the human race.

Those people had no earthly Lord,
They knew no Master but their God;
All did their best to do their part,
With willing hands and thankful heart.

With all things common for their good,
They lived a life that Christians should;
Unselfish men in every way,
Their motto was, to always pray.

A wicked king, with greedy eyes
Beheld their land of paradise;
He made a vow their land to gain,
If every one had to be slain.

He knew full well if he made war,
He must send an ambassador;

And tell the people to prepare
To meet the foe when they got there.

He then made ready with his hosts,
No braver men for war could boast;
He entered in their peaceful lane,
Equipped for war with sword in hand.

With bold hauteur as on they go,
Expecting soon to meet a foe.
They beheld as they drew near,
An unarmed people without fear.

Arriving in their central town,
The haughty king looked all around;
“Ye cowardly dogs come out in sight,
We’ve come for blood, we want to fight.”

A grand old man, bowed down with age,
Beheld their troops all fierce with rage;
“Dear friends, we know not how to fight,
But want to use you all just right.

Do just come in and take a rest,
You’re welcome to our very best;
We’ll give you shelter from the cold,
And if needful, give you gold.”

Chagrined, shamefaced, they turned and fled,
They took no spoil, they left no dead;
Vanquished, conquered by God’s love,
Sent in mercy from above.

A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE.

In my youth, when about twenty years of age, while living with my sister, she having married a man who lived with his parents, I was requested one Saturday night by the old gentleman to go the next morning and look after his sheep, which he thought had gone astray.

Very early the next morning I arose and dressed myself, and went down the lane which led to the sheep pasture. On arriving at the pasture gate I found the sheep were there all right.

I turned and took a short course back, which would lead me through the orchard. It was the first of June, and day we called White Sunday.

As I approached the orchard, which was very large and situated on a side hill, the sun was just rising in the far east, the whole scene was plain to my vision.

Some of the trees were in snowy white blossom, others just bursting their buds, blossoming a beautiful color of white and crimson, most beautiful to behold. Then there was added to this the birds of all kinds, which abide in New England, assembled to warble forth their morning carol in seeming pride to our Heavenly Father, who is the Doer and Maker of all these beautiful things.

While standing transfixed in adoring silence of this beautiful scene I sat myself down and mused thus:—"Can Heaven be more beautiful than this?"

Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the scene was changed.

A scene of most beautiful splendor presented itself to me.

The groundwork seemed to be a sea of glass, boulevards and walks were arched over with wreaths of most beautiful flow-

ers, which was the abiding place of strange but beautiful birds, singing a heavenly chorus without discord, which gave complete satisfaction to my soul.

Then I beheld a very beautiful river flowing through this celestial landscape, which added greatly to it's magnificence and beauty.

In the center of this vast, grand scene was situated a high and lofty throne occupied by a Being wearing a crown filled with precious gems, which gave a brilliant light to the whole scene, and surrounded by a host of beautiful, winged beings singing.

Oh! how shall I describe it?

I was no longer a child of earth, but seemed to be a being changed to enjoy and participate in the whole scene around me.

Then suddenly I came to myself with tears running down my cheeks, and once more beheld the scene in the orchard, which then appeared to my sight a charred mass, compared to what had just been to me a glimpse into Paradise.

THE UNKNOWN, OR A GLIMPSE INTO PARADISE.

“Verily, I say unto thee,
Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.”

The mystery of that unknown space,
Withheld from all the human race;
A glimpse of which is sometimes given
To those who seek a home in heaven.

Long time ago in early youth,
While seeking hard to know the truth,
I saw the land of Paradise;
It must have been through spirit eyes.

One bright June morn at break of day,
I wandered down the lane;
And looked in rapture to admire,
All nature in her best attire.

An orchard on a near side hill,
A sight which gave my heart a thrill,
Was filled with blossoms, birds, and bees,
And music echoed through the trees.

The sun just now had hove in sight,
And on this scene reflected light;
All nature now was all ablaze,
And from my heart I gave God praise.

The blossoms purely red and white,
Gave me a thrill of joy, delight;
The birds all done their very best,
Each one to outsing all the rest.

While gazing on this scene sublime,
A thought came sudden to my mind;
If Heaven gives a better show,
Give me a glimpse that I may know.

A sudden change, like the new birth,
I seemed no longer bound to earth;
The scene just blotted from my eyes,
Revealed the land of Paradise.

My God! O! How shall I begin?
I'm in a place where dwells no sin;
The place where Jesus told the thief
That he should go to find relief.

A sea of glass I now behold,
Inlaid with threads of finest gold;

It's vast expanse seems to extend
Without beginning, without end.

I saw a pure and crystal river,
Flowing on without a quiver;
The tree of life which heals the nations,
We read about in Revelation.

A canopy bedecked with bowers,
With a delightful wreath of flowers,
All beset with diamonds bright,
Which gave to me intense delight.

O, what a chorus! How sublime!
In perfect tune, in perfect rhyme;
God's holy angels sang their best,
And gave my soul sweet peace and rest.

Another chorus now is given,
Which seems to reach the dome of heaven;
The sacred birds of paradise
Were singing anthems in the skies.

In the heavens where angels dwell,
Paul says we've no right to tell;
That heavenly scene in Eden Land
No mortal e'er can understand.

Once more a change, I'm back to earth;
So short has been my spirit birth,
The orchard scene now fades and dies,
To that I saw in Paradise.





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